Favorite Old-Time Songs *and* Mountain Ballads

Book 2

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Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads

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BY
BRADLEY KINCAID

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT I
DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK
TO
DON MALIN
MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF WLS
AND MY COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND

PREFACE

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to singe."

These words were written in 1588 by an Englishman. Bradley Kincaid has verified the truth of this couplet, for he has found that singing is a good thing. Many of our WLS listeners have profited by his example and have learned "to singe," employing to excellent advantage Bradley's book of Favorite Mountain Ballads.

The preservation of our American folk songs is a project very dear to our hearts at WLS. Opera, symphony, oratorio, chamber music—all are represented in our programs, but it is for folk songs, "the music of the people," that we save the greatest portion of our broadcasting day. The songs which Bradley Kincaid has collected and published in this book have come straight from the hearts of the Mountain Folk of Eastern America. In directing your attention to these folk songs, Bradley works hand in hand with WLS in one of our most cherished policies. It is a privilege to commend his Second Book of Mountain Ballads to all who love the old songs. And we say with the Englishman:

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to singe."

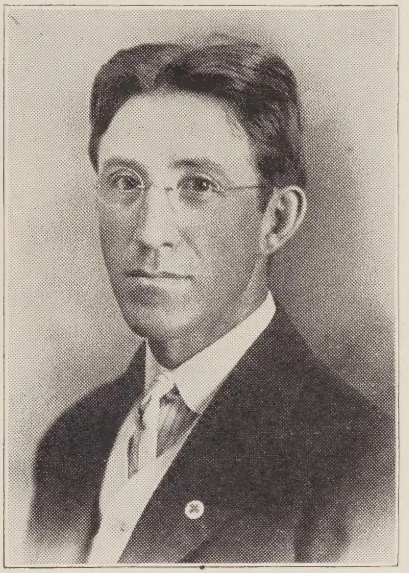
DON MALIN, Musical Director WLS.

INTRODUCTION

In these days of made-to-order music it is refreshing to be able to hear the songs that come direct from the soil and which still lie close to the hearts of the singers. The hopes, the disappointments, and much of the life of a large portion of the people of the rural Southland are reflected in the songs which may be heard echoing back and forth among the fields and groves of that great region.

Many of these songs and ballads were brought by our pioneer forefathers from their homelands across the sea, where they had long been sung as an expression of the souls of a rugged people. As soon as their strains reached the American shores they became acclimated and have ever since been intimately related to the social life of our own citizens.

Among them are to be found songs for all sorts of occasions. There are love songs for those whose affections have been centered upon some loved one; cradle songs for the mother who rocks her child while she attends to some household duty; skipping and dancing songs employed by the young folks who will be merry in the midst of toil; merry songs for those whose hearts become light at times and who love to express their gladness in melody; plaintive songs for those who have experienced sorrow, and religious songs for those who love to express their adoration for sacred things in music.



John F. Smith, Professor of Rural Sociology, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, who perhaps knows more about the habits and customs of the Mountain People than any other man in the country.

These melodies are still handed down from mother to daughter and from father to son among the southern hills. Grandmothers sing them by the fireside; younger mothers sing them while mending clothes or sweeping the floors; young men whistle the tunes while going to and from the day's work, and young women sing them while doing the household chores.

These mountain ballads are songs that grew out of the life and experience of hardy Scotch, Irish, German, English and Dutch natives, who came to America because they desired freedom and the right to worship according to their own desires. Thus the outburst of song was generally from hearts overflowing with emotion. Some are joyous and carefree. Others are sad and relate a pathetic story which should touch the heart of every listener.

This effort to preserve some of our choice folk songs in a volume which thousands can afford to purchase, is to be highly commended. Both words and music are fresh from the southern hills where life is abundant and where hearts respond readily to the gentle tones that have long gladdened the lives of the people.

JOHN F. SMITH.

To My Radio Friends

How often I have wished during the past year that I had some way of conveying to each of you my sincere appreciation for your fine letters of commendation that have been coming to me continually for more than two years. For hours at a time I have sat at my desk, reading your letters and enjoying the exultant feeling of knowing that out there on the air —in the crowded cities—in the remote sections of the country, on the hills and down in the valleys, I have a host of fine friends. More than a hundred thousand letters have reached my desk since my first songbook was published a year ago. In these letters I have found many helpful suggestions. Some of them have contained new songs for me to sing. Some have contained orders for my songbook, and all of them have contained a word of good cheer and encouragement.

If I had the time, I would like to write every one of you a personal letter, but you see how impossible that would be if I still attempted to do some singing. I am glad, therefore, that the publication of this, my second book of songs, affords me the opportunity of telling you that your letters are a continual source of joy and inspiration to me. My first book of songs was published at your request. The same is true of this one. Thousands of letters have poured into the station asking for songs that I have used in my programs, which have never been published, and thus are not available elsewhere. For the most part, the songs contained in this book are songs of the people—true American folk songs. Many of them were brought over here from England, Scotland and Ireland by our early ancestors. I get a great deal of enjoyment out of singing them, because—in the first place, I love to sing, and in the second place, these are the songs, at least in my opinion, that are most worth singing.

I hope that everyone who receives this little songbook will take it as a personal message from one who is deeply grateful for so many fine and helpful friends. Should the book find its way into the hands of those who have not heard "The Mountain Boy" over WLS, I trust that it will bring to them that spirit of friendliness and good cheer which the author sincerely hopes to convey.

BRADLEY KINCAID.

BRADLEY KINCAID, WIFE AND THE TWINS

Bradley Kincaid and the Mountains

By Stephen A. Cisler

Creaking oak timbers of heavy wagon trains lumbering up through the mountain gaps—green forested hills rolling on and away into the distance —brown cabins on lonely ridges—sunsets spreading shadows over the dense forests—and always the pioneer pushing westward.

Turn back the gray old years until you see the hardy English and Scotch settlers making their homes in the mountains of the southland, hacking rough clearings out of the forests, fighting savages, fires, famine, and all manner of hardships.

Among many quaint customs and old traditions the hill folk have kept through the years, the ancient ballads and home songs are most interesting. Readers of very old English poetry will recognize the verses of a number of the southern mountain tunes as identical with the same wording of poems familiar in literature and folk lore. Still others preserve the original thought but into the verses have woven new incidents and unique phrases. And then the American mountaineers have made their own ballads of love and fortune among the hills.

In Bradley Kincaid, our "Mountain Boy" at WLS, we have a native son bringing the old songs of his people down to the lowlands. Born of native Kentuckians in Garrard county near the edge of the Blue Grass region, Bradley grew up surrounded by all the traditions and customs of mountain folk. The singing of old ballads was the main source of enjoyment for the young boy of the mountains as he whiled away lonely hours on the front stoop of the little country home.

Bradley's father was a farmer and a fox hunter. One morning the father returned from an all-night chase over the hills of the country and brought with him a dilapidated old guitar. He had traded one of his fox hounds to an old negro for this musical instrument, the first in the Kincaid family. And that explains the name of Bradley's guitar, the famous "Houn' Dawg."

While still a little shaver Bradley learned to pick or strum out tunes for the songs he heard around camp meetings or cabin parties. But hearing of schools for boys down in the towns of the valley, Bradley left the work of a mountain youth and entered the sixth grade of Berea College's foundation department. He was 19 years of age and had only a very few months of schooling to his credit before coming to Berea. After finishing the eighth grade, Bradley went to war at the age of 21 and spent two years with the American army, one year overseas in France.

Discharged from the army Kincaid went back to Berea and finished high school in three years, graduating at the age of 26. Work in the State Young Men's Christian Association of Kentucky occupied him for two years before his coming to Chicago. In the Chicago "Y" College the mountain youth worked his way through by directing glee clubs and church choruses and by singing with various organizations.

One evening at WLS when the "Y" college quartet was on the program the director happened to mention to Don Malin, WLS musical director, that Kincaid often sang the old tunes for the entertainment of roommates. A program was arranged for Bradley to sing his mountain songs over the air. This first broadcast proved an unqualified success and Bradley Kincaid with his "houn' dawg" guitar became a regular feature on WLS.

While at Berea College Bradley met Irma Forman who became Mrs. Kincaid. She is a graduate of Oberlin College Conservatory, is deeply interested in folk music, and particularly that of the southern mountains. She has been a valuable aid to Bradley in arranging the music for his songbooks.

Singing the songs of the mountains is only one part of Bradley's day at WLS. During the winter months he conducts a radio club for boys and girls in which he takes the part of a counsellor. He also makes many appearances in theaters and at public shows around the Middle West. Then there is the huge amount of mail coming to WLS every week for the Mountain Boy.'" His clear tenor voice and the old "Houn' Dawg" guitar have become known in all sections of the country and his mail comes from listeners in city, town and country.

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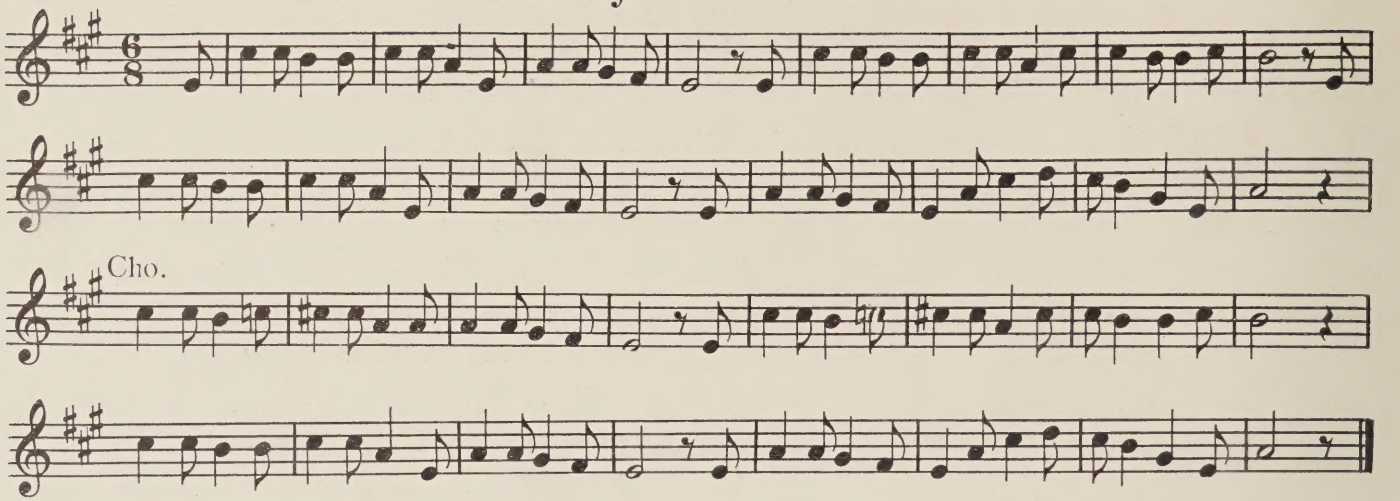
Give My Love to Nell



Three years ago since Jack and Joe
Set sail across the foam;
Each vowed a fortune he would gain, before returning home.
In one short year Jack gained his wealth, and started home that day;
And when the pals shook hands to part, poor Joe could only say:

Chorus:
Give my love to Nellie, Jack, and kiss her once for me,
The sweetest girl in all this world, I'm sure you'll say is she.
Treat her kindly, Jack, old pal, and tell her I am well,
His parting words were don't forget, to give my love to Nell.

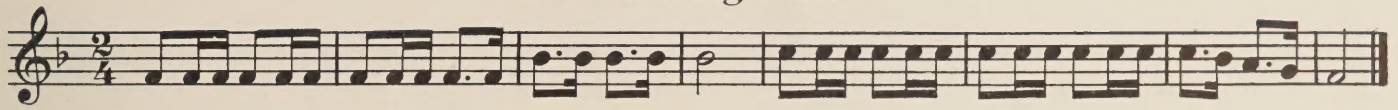
Three years had past when Joe at last, gained wealth enough for life,
He started home across the foam, to make sweet Nell his wife.
But when he learned that Jack and Nell one year ago had wed,
With sobs and threats he now regrets that he had ever said:

Chorus:
Give my love to Nellie, etc.

They chanced to meet upon the street; Joe said, you selfish elf,
The very next girl I learn to love, I'll kiss her for myself.
But all is fair in love, they say, as you have gone and wed;
I'll not be angry with you, pal, so once again he said:

Chorus:
Give my love to Nellie, etc.

The Kicking Mule



Listen to me I'll sing you a song
I'll sing it all to you,
Sing you a song about the kickingest mule
That ever you did see.
Hitched him up early one morning
To take my gal a ride,
Kicked both hind feet over the shalves
And kicked her in the side.

Kicked the wings off of a wild goose
The ears off of a frog,
Kicked the brindle cat upon top of the house
And swallowed a great big dog.

Chorus:

Let that mule go Awnk
Give that mule more hay
Keep your seat Miss Liza Jane,
And hold on to the sleigh.

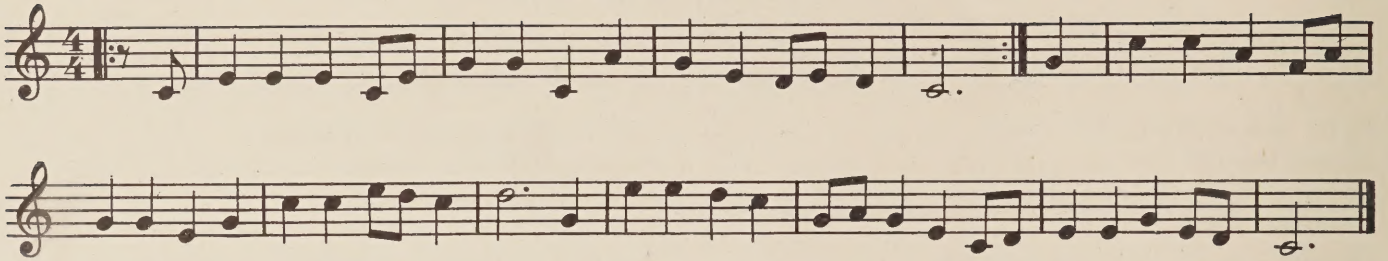
Oh, hear them sleigh bells ringing
The snow is falling fast,
I put this mule in harness
And got him hitched at last.
Oh, Liza get your bonnet
Come and take your seat
Grab the board you're sitting on
And kiver up your feet.

And watch this mule a climbing
For this ain't half a load
Find a mule that's roomy
And give him all the road.
And don't get scared at nothin'
What you hear or see
Liza, I'll stay with this mule
And you must stay with me.

Just see them snowflakes flying
Lookout let him sail,
Watch them ears of his'n
And see him wag his tail.
Goin' to the preacher's
Liza you keep cool
Hain't got time to kiss you now
I'm busy with this mule.

Little grasshopper came flying around
Came flying around the well,
This little mule gave him one good kick
Grasshopper didn't feel so well.
Took him down to the blacksmith's shop
Hitched him by himself,
He kicked both hind feet down his neck
And kicked himself to death.

Young Charlotte



Young Charlotte lived on a mountainside
In a wild and lonely spot;
There were no dwellings for three miles wide
Except her father's cot;
And yet on many a winter night
Young swains were gathered there
For her father kept a social board,
And she was very fair.

One New Year's eve, as the sun went down,
Far looked her wistful eye
Out from the frosty window pane,
As the merry sleighs dashed by.
At the village, fifteen miles away,
Was to be a ball that night;;
And though the air was piercing cold,
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eye
As a well known voice she heard,
And dashing up to the cottage door,
Her lover's sleigh appeared.

"O daughter, dear!" the mother cried,
"This blanket round you fold
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad,
You will get your death of cold."

"Oh, nay! oh, nay!" young Charlotte cried,
As she laughed like a Gipsy queen;
"To ride in blankets muffled up;
I never would be seen.
My silken cloak is quite enough,
You know 'tis lined throughout;
And there's my silken scarf to twine
My head and neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And swift they sped down the mountainside
And over the hills away.
With muffled beat, so silently,
Five miles at length were passed;
When Charles, with few and shivering words,
The silence broke at last.

Young Charlotte (continued)

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;
My reins I scarce can hold,"
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
"I am exceeding cold."
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed
Much faster than before;
And thus five other dreary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Said Charles, "How fast the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow?"
And Charlotte still more faintly said,
"I'm growing warmer now."
Thus, on they rode, through the frosty air,
And the blistering, cold starlight;
Until at last the village lamps,
And the ball room came in sight.

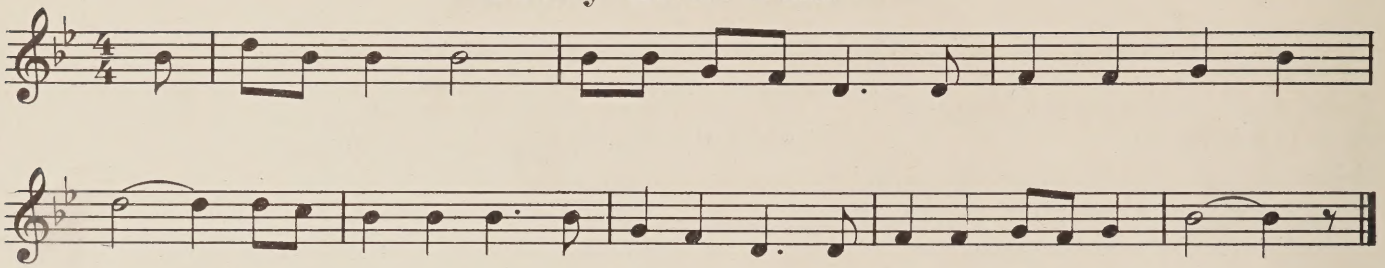
They reached the door, and Charles sprang out
And held his hand to her;
"Why sit you like a monument
That hath no power to stir?"
He called her once, he called her twice,
She answered not a word;
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his—'twas cold
And hard as any stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
And the cold stars o'er it shone.
Then quickly to the light hall,
Her lifeless form he bore,
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye
Her voice was heard no more.

And there he sat down by her side,
While bitter tears did flow,
And cried, "My own, My charming bride,
You nevermore shall know!"
He twined his arms around her neck,
He kissed her marble brow;
And his thought flew back to where she said,
"I am growing warmer now."

They put the corpse back in the sleigh
And hurried it back home,
And when they came to the cottage gate
Oh, how her parents moaned.
The parents mourned for their daughter dear,
Young Charles wept o'er the gloom,
He wept until he died of grief
Now they both lie in one tomb.

Pretty Little Pink



Lor, Lor, my pretty little Pink,
Lor, Lor I say,
Lor, Lor my pretty little Pink
I'm going away to stay.

Cheeks as red as a red, red rose
Her eyes as a diamond brown
I'm going to see my pretty little miss
Before the sun goes down.

Fly around my pretty little miss
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my pretty little miss
You almost drive me crazy.

I reckon you think my pretty little miss
That I can't live without you,
But I'll let you know before I go
That I care very little about you.

It's rings upon my true love's hands
Shines so bright like gold
Gonna' see my pretty little miss
Before it rains or snows.

When I was up in the field at work
I sat down and cried
Studying about my blue eyed girl
Thought to my God I'd die.

Fly around my pretty little miss
Fly around my dandy
Fly around my pretty little miss
I don't want none of your candy.

Every time I go that road
It looks so dark and cloudy
Every time I see that girl
I always tell her howdy.

Coffee grows on white oak trees
The river flows with brandy
Rocks on the hills all covered with gold
And the girls all sweeter than candy.

Fly around my pretty little miss
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my pretty little miss
You almost drive me crazy.

I'll put my knapsack on my back,
My rifle on my shoulder,
I'll march away to Spartanburg,
And there I'll be a soldier.

Charley is a nice young man,
Charley is a dandy
Every time he goes to town,
He buys the ladies candy.

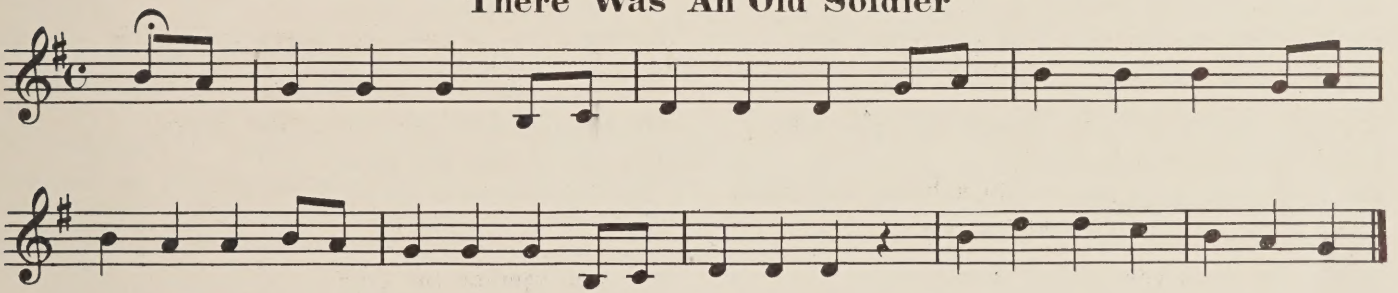
Pretty Little Pink (continued)

I don't want none of your weazely wheat,
I don't want none of your barley,
Want some flour in a half an hour
To bake a cake for Charley.

Every time I go that road,
It looks so dark and hazy
Every time I see that girl
She almost runs me crazy.

I asked that girl to marry me
And what did she say?
She said that she would marry me
Before the break of day.

There Was An Old Soldier



Oh, I had a little duck and he had a web foot,
And he built his nest in a mulberry bush,
And he ruffled up his feathers to keep himself warm,
Another little song wouldn't do us any harm.

O, there was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
He had no tobacco, but tobacco he could beg;
Another old soldier as sly as a fox,
He always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.

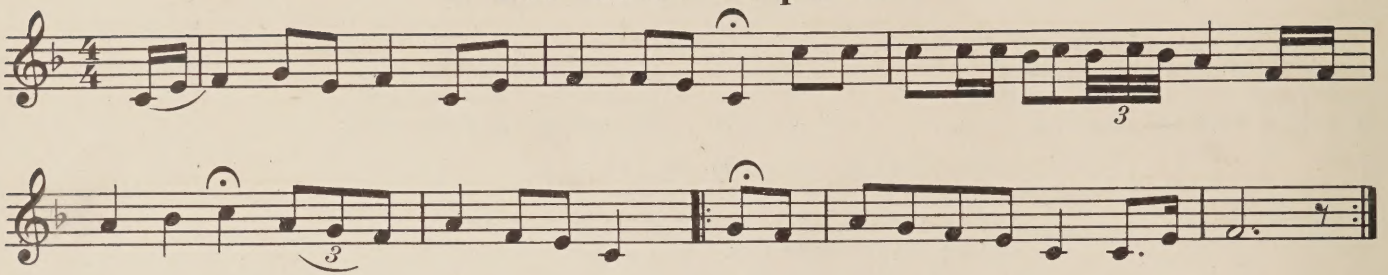
Said the one old soldier, won't you give me a chew?
Said the other old soldier, I'll be danged if I do;
Just save up your pennies and throw away your rocks
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box.

Well, the one old soldier was a feelin' very bad,
He says, I'll get even, I will egad;
Then he goes to a corner, takes a rifle from his peg,
And stabs the other soldier with a splinter from his leg.

O, there was an old hen and she had a wooden foot,
And she made her nest by a sycamore root,
And she laid more eggs than any hen on the farm,
Another wooden foot wouldn't do her any harm.

Well, of all the darn songs I ever heard made,
The one I'm a-singin' puts them all in the shade;
If you don't like it you can run along hum,
'Cause I'm singin' this song for myself, by gum!

The House Carpenter



I have just come from the salt, salt sea,
And 'twas all on account of thee;
For I've had an offer of a king's daughter fair,
And she fain would have married me.

If you've had an offer of a king's daughter fair,
I think you're much to blame;
For I've lately been married to a house carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man.

If you'll forsake your house carpenter
And come along with me;
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
On the banks of the deep blue sea.

If I'd forsake my house carpenter
And go along with you;
And you'd have nothing to support me upon,
Oh, then what would I do?

She dressed herself in rich array,
All from her golden store;
And as she walked the streets all 'round,
She shone like a glittering star.

She called her baby unto her
And gave it kisses three,
Saying, "Stay at home, my pretty little babe,
And be your father's company."

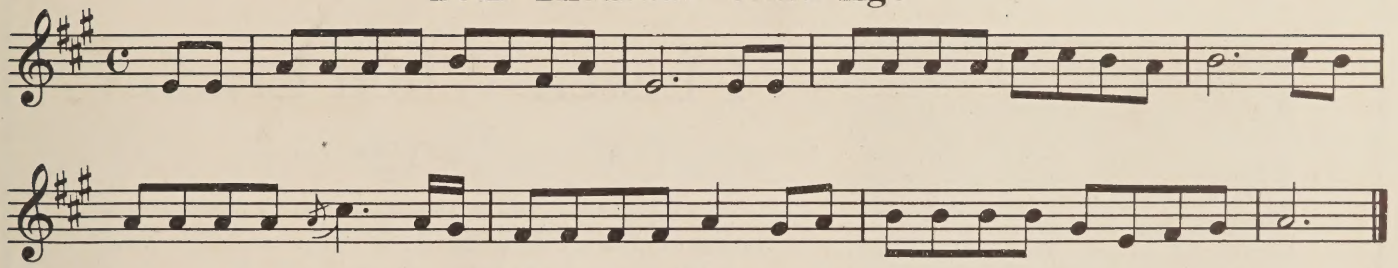
We had not sailed more than two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three;
'Till this fair maid began for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

Are you weeping for your house carpenter,
Or for your golden store?
Are you weeping for that sweet little babe,
That you never shall see any more?

I do not weep for my house carpenter,
Nor for my golden store;
I'm weeping for my sweet little babe,
That I never shall see any more.

Oh cursed be the sea-going train,
And all the sailors' lives,
For the robbing of the house carpenter,
And the taking away of his wife.

Four Thousand Years Ago



I was born about four thousand years ago,
And there's nothing in the world that I don't know;
I saw Jonah swallow the whale,
And I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the river Canaan on a log.

Chorus:

So you see I'm an educated man,
Keep my brain in my head I plan;
I've been on earth so long,
I used to sing a song,
While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

I have sat with kings and queens on every hand,
Jack and aces, can't you understand?
And I saw the flags a-flying,
When George Washington stopped lying,
On the night when Patti first began to sing.

I saw Eve when she searched that garden o'er,
I saw Satan when they drove him from the door;
While the apples they were eating,
From the bushes I was peeping,
And I'll swear that I'm the man that ate the core.
I saw Samson when he laid the village cold,
I saw Daniel tame the lions in the hold;
I helped build the tower of Babel,
Up as high as we were able,
And there's lots of other things I haven't told.

I taught Solomon his little ABC's,
I helped Brigham Young to make limburger cheese;
And while sailing down the bay,
With Methuselah one day,
I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.

Queen Elizabeth she fell in love with me,
We were married in Milwaukee secretly;
But I fooled around and shook her,
And I went with General Hooker,
To shoot mosquitoes down in Tennessee.

I remember when the country had a king,
I saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring;
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses,
Playing ring around the roses,
I can whip the man that says it isn't so.

I Listen When Bradley Sings

Out at my home in Hinsdale when I hear Bradley sing on WLS I drop my book and listen. No voice on the air is more lovely than Bradley's.

After a busy day his songs bring to mind the beauty and restful charm of his Kentucky mountains. The old-fashioned music of those hills is real heart music and no one sings them as Bradley does.

It is a wide audience that Bradley sings to over WLS and I know these countless listeners will welcome this new book of Mountain Songs.

We folks of PRAIRIE FARMER and WLS are happy to have associated with us so fine a character as Bradley Kincaid. His work on the radio is an inspiration to the farm boys and girls in PRAIRIE FARMER'S territory, and to the older folks as well. Bradley is helping us to further the ideals and principles on which PRAIRIE FARMER is founded.

Burridge D. Butler

Publisher, PRAIRIE FARMER,
1230 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago.

We Are Happy When We Serve

You know that WLS, the PRAIRIE FARMER Station, is primarily devoted to the farm.

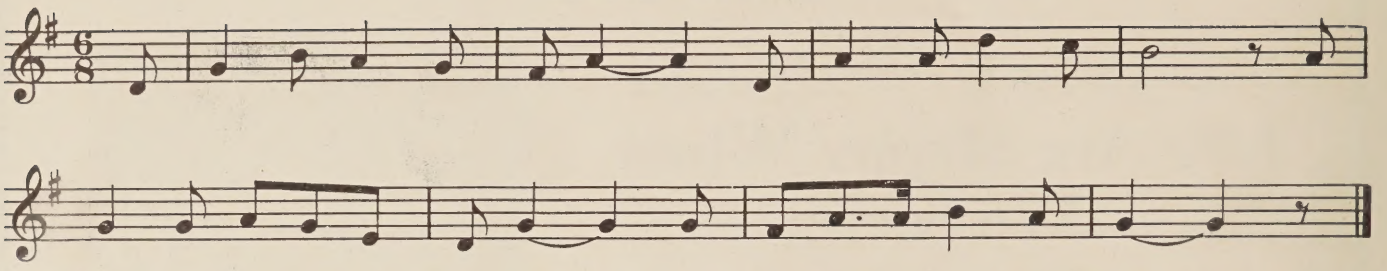
If we can help the family at the cross-roads sell its grain or livestock to better advantage, or if we can say something or play a musical number that will leave a happy thought and make the work of day go better; then we are happy at WLS.

Radio must be measured by the good it can do, and from the Little Brown Church on Sunday night to the National Barn Dance in the old hayloft on Saturday night, that is our ambition.

We invite you to help make WLS a greater service institution. We are always glad to get criticisms and suggestions from our friends.

EDGAR L. BILL,
Director WLS Radio Station.

Charlie Brooks



Miss Adair, since I left the city,
I find I've changed my mind;
Pray do not think me faithless,
Nor deem me the least unkind.

I find that we're both mistaken,
And that you will never suit me;
I've changed my love to another,
And hope we as friends will agree.

Send back the locket I gave you,
Also my photo if there;
And be so kind as to free me
From that bit of flirt Nell Adair.

Send back the ring I gave you,
Also my letters and books;
Henceforth, Miss Adair, we are strangers,
Respectively yours, Charlie Brooks.

I received your letter, Charlie,
The last one you wrote to me;
I've read it over and over,
And of course, we as friends will agree.

I'd rather you'd be happy
With the pretty young heiress Miss Gray;
I've heard all about it, dear Charlie,
And thought it would end this way.

Now here is your ring, dear Charlie,
Please don't give it away
Unless you tell it was once mine,
I've worn it one year today.

One year ago today, love,
'Twas a bright happy one for us both,
When you promised you'd never forsake me,
But I find you've been false to your oath.

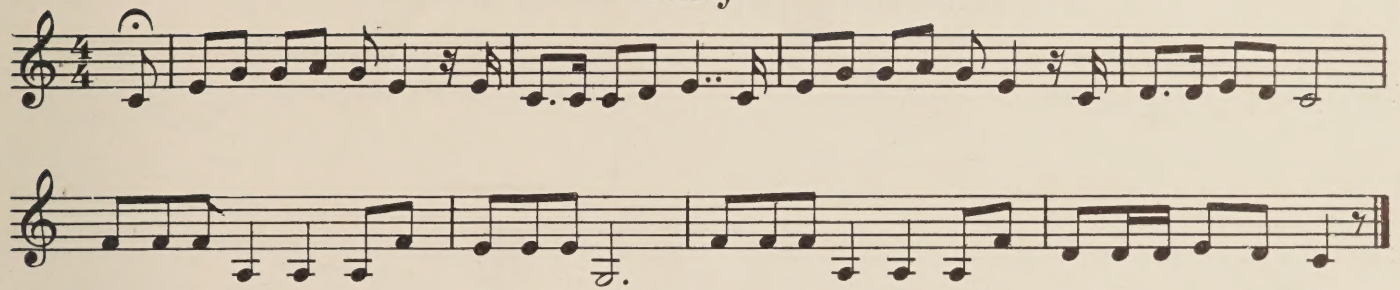
And here is your photo, Charlie,
It's almost faded away;
I've kissed it over and over,
Of this you must tell Miss Gray.

And here are your letters, Charlie,
I burned some up as they came;
I hope without reading them over,
You'll commit them at once to the flames.

You do not need them, Charlie,
To remind you of words untrue;
But as you require them of me,
I return them at once to you.

And now I must say goodbye, love,
My letter is near an end;
But always, yes, always remember
That I'm your affectionate friend.

Cindy



You ought to see my Cindy
She lives away down south
She's so sweet the honey bees
Swarm around her mouth.

Chorus:

Get along home, home Cindy, get along home,
Get along home, home Cindy,
I'm going to leave you now.

When she saw me coming she puckered up and cried
When I went to leave her she fainted away and died.

I wish I was an apple
A-hangin' on a tree,
Every time that Cindy passed,
She'd take a bite of me.

I took my Cindy to preaching
And what do you reckon she done,
She stood right up in the preacher's face
And chawed her chewing gum.

Cindy went to preaching
She shouted and she squealed
She got so full of glory,
She tore her stocking heel.

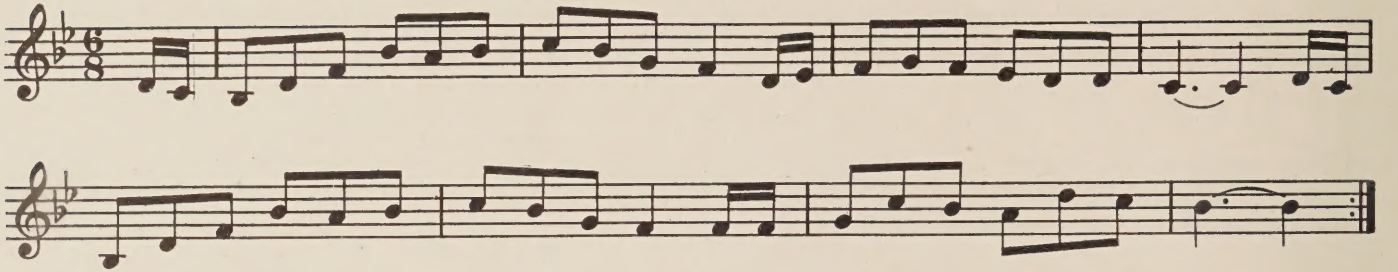
When you go a fishing,
Fish with a hook and line,
But when you go to marry,
Never look back behind.

Cindy in the summer time,
Cindy in the fall,
If she can't be Cindy all the time,
She won't be Cindy at all.

I went down to Cindy's house,
Did not go to stay
But when I saw that pretty little girl
I just couldn't get away.

Oh! Cindy is a pretty girl,
Cindy is a peach
She threw her arms around my neck
And hung on like a leach.

I'll Remember You Love in my Prayers

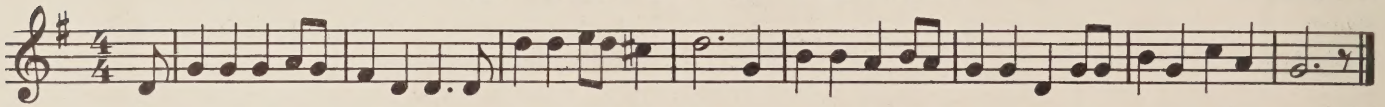


When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies
And the dew drops from heaven are kissing the rose
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove
In haste with the message it bears,
To bring you a kiss of affection and say;
I'll remember you love in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips
When you told me how true you would be.
I know not if fortune be fickle or friend
Or if time on your memory wears
I know that I love you wherever you roam;
And remember you, love, in my prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good
As God has ordained them to do
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you:
And may its bright spirit go with you thru life
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs
And meet with the one who has loved you so true,
And remembers you, love, in her prayers.

The True Lover's Farewell



O, fare you well my own true love,
So fare you well for a while;
I'm going away but I'm coming back
If I go ten thousand mile.

If I prove false to you my love,
The earth may melt and burn
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn
If I no more return.

The True Lover's Farewell (continued)

Ten thousand miles my own true love
Ten thousand miles or more
The rocks may melt and the sea may burn
If I no more return.

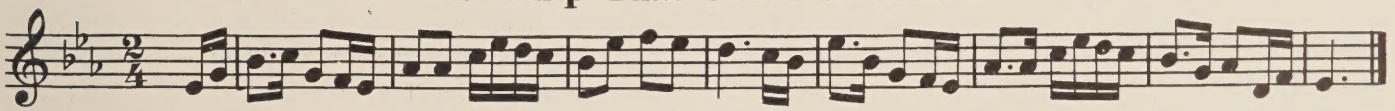
And who will shoe your feet my love,
And who will glove your hand,
O, who will kiss your red rosy cheek
When I'm in that far off land?

My father will shoe my pretty little feet
My mother will glove my hand
And you can kiss my red rosy cheek
When you come from the far off land.

O, don't you see yon little turtle dove
A-skipping from vine to vine
A-mourning the loss of its own true love
Just as I mourn for mine.

O, don't you see that crow fly high
She turns both black and white
If ever I prove false to you
Bright day shall turn to night.

The Ship That Never Returned



On a summer's day, when the waves were rippled,
By the softest gentlest breeze,
Did a ship set sail with its cargo laden,
For a port beyond the seas.

There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,
And her fate is yet unlearned,
Though they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,
For the ship, she never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
I must cross the wide, wide sea,
For they say perchance in a foreign climate,
There is health and strength for me.

'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger,
Her poor heart for her youngest yearned.
But she sent him forth with a smile and blessing,
On the ship that never returned.

Only one more trip said a gallant captain
As he kissed his weeping wife,
Only one more bag of this golden treasure
And 'twill last us all through life.

Then we'll settle down in our little cottage
And enjoy the rest we've earned,
But alas! poor man, fore he sailed commander,
Of the ship that never returned.

Did she ever return?
No, she never returned,
And her fate is yet unlearned,
Though they knew it not,
'Twas a solemn parting,
For the ship she never returned.

Mary Wore Three Links of Chain

Mary wore three links of chain,
Mary wore three links of chain,
Mary wore three links of chain,
Every link in Jesus' name.
All my sins been taken away, taken away.

Mary weeped and Martha mourned,
Gabriel stood and blowed his horn.

I don't know but I've been told
The streets in heaven are paved with gold.

Can't you hear dem horses' feet
Slippin' and a-slidin' on the Golden street?

My feet got wet wid mornin' dew
And de mornin' star was a witness too.

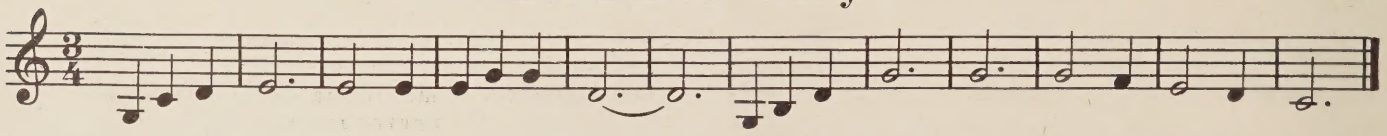
I'm goin' home on de mornin' train,
All don't see me go'n hear me sing.

The meanest thing I ever done
Was courtin' the women when I was young.

Ever since my mother died,
I've been holy, sanctified.

NOTE: Repeat first line of each verse three times. "All my sins been taken away, taken away," at end of each verse.

Down in the Valley



Down in the Valley, the Valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.

Hear the winds blow, dear, hear the winds blow,
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease.
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Throw your arms round me, before it's too late,
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.
Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break,
Throw your arms round me, feel my heart break.

Down in the Valley (continued)

If you don't love me, none else will do,
My heart is breaking, dear, just for you,
Breaking for you, dear, breaking for you,
My heart is breaking, dear, just for you.

Writing this letter containing three lines,
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"

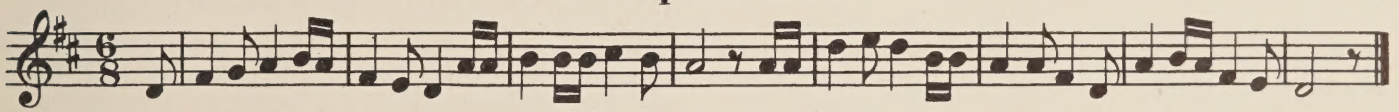
Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine?
Answer my question, will you be mine?

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
So I can see him, as he goes by.
As he goes by, dear, as he goes by,
So I can see him, as he goes by.

Down in the valley the mocking bird wings,
Telling my story, here's what he sings.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven, knows I love you.
Knows I love you, dear, knows I love you,
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

The Orphan Girl



No home, no home, cried an orphan girl,
At the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling stood on the polished steps,
And leaned on the marble wall.

Her clothes were torn and her head was bare,
And she tried to cover her feet,
With her dress that was tattered and covered with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

Her dress was thin and her feet were bare,
And the snow had covered her head;
Oh, give me a home, she feebly cried,
A home and a piece of bread.

My father, alas, I never knew,
Tears dimmed the eyes so bright;
My mother sleeps in a new-made grave,
'Tis an orphan that begs tonight.

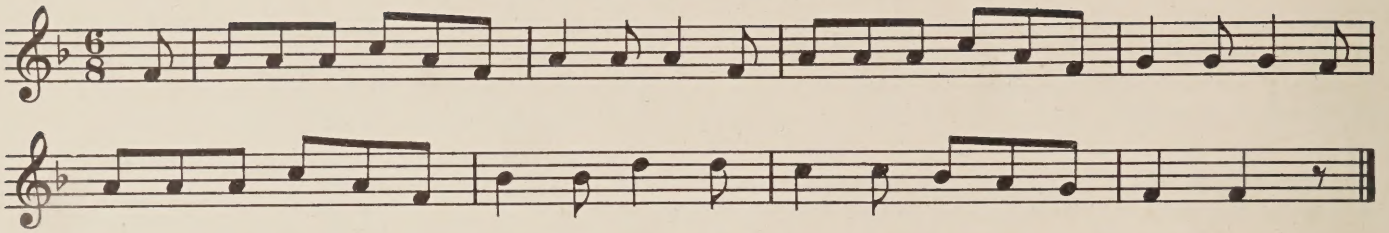
I must freeze, she cried, as she sank to the steps,
And strove to cover her feet,
With her ragged garments covered with snow,
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

The rich man lay on his velvet couch,
And dreamed of his silver and gold;
While the orphan girl in her bed of snow,
Was murmuring, so cold, so cold.

The night was dark and the snow fell fast,
As the rich man closed his door,
And his proud lips curled with scorn as he said,
No bread, no room for the poor.

The morning dawned but the orphan girl
Still lay at the rich man's door,
And her soul had fled to that home above
Where there's bread and room for the poor.

I Love Little Willie



I love little Willie, I do mama,
I love little Willie, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I love little Willie, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know.

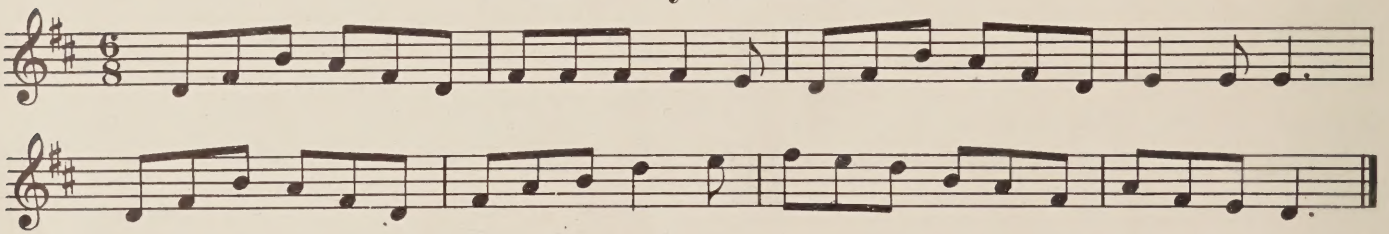
He asked me to marry, he did mama,
He asked me to marry, ha, ha, ha, ha,
He asked me to marry, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know.

He's gone for the license, he has mama,
He's gone for the license, ha, ha, ha, ha,
He's gone for the license, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know.

The preacher is coming, he is, mama,
The preacher is coming, ha, ha, ha, ha,
The preacher is coming, but don't you tell pa,
For he won't like it you know.

Oh, now we are married, we are, mama,
Oh, now we are married, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Oh, now we are married, and you can tell pa,
For he can't help it, you know.

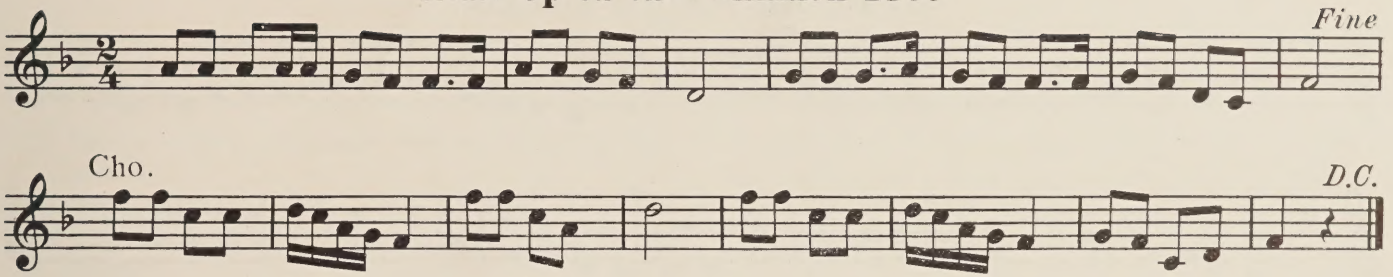
I Love My Rooster



I love my rooster, my rooster loves me,
I cherish my rooster on the green bay tree
My little rooster goes, cocka do do de doodle de
doodle de doodle de doo.
Then follows:

Hen goes cluck
Duck goes quack
Pig goes oink
Sheep goes baa
Turkey goes gobble.

Liza Up in the 'Simmon Tree



Liza up in the 'simmon tree and the possum on the ground,
Possum said, you sun of a gun, shake them 'simmons down.

The old folks down in the mountains, grinding sugar cane,
Making barrels of molasses for to sweeten old Liza Jane.

Whiskey by the gallon, sugar by the pound,
A great big bowl to put it in and Liza to stir it around.

I went to see my Liza Jane, she was standing in the door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand and her feet all over the floor.

Her head is like a coffee pot, her nose is like the spout,
Her mouth is like an old fire place, with the ashes all raked out.

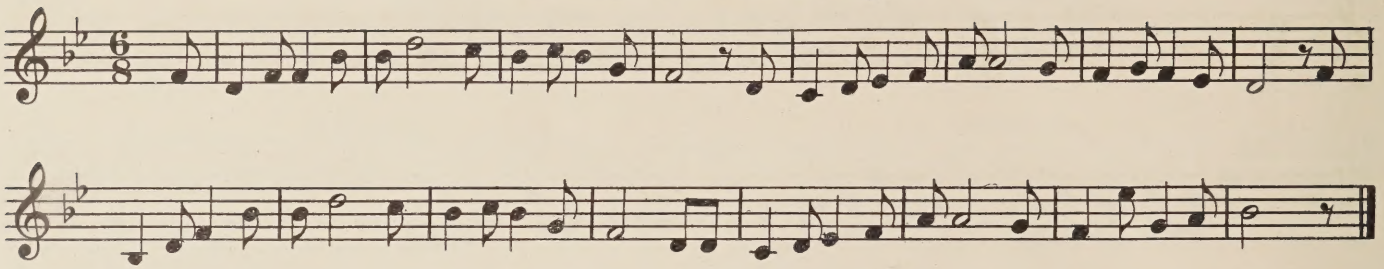
I wouldn't marry a poor girl, I'll tell you the reason why,
She'd have so many poor kinfolks, she'd make my biscuits fly.

The hardest work I ever done, was a-breakin' on a train,
The easiest work I ever done, was huggin' little Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Whoopee, Liza, pretty little girl,
Whoopee, Liza Jane,
Whoopee, Liza, pretty little girl,
She died on the train.
Cheeks are like the cherries,
Cherries like a rose.
How I like that pretty little girl,
Goodness gracious knows!

I'll Be All Smiles Tonight



I'll deck my brow with roses, the loved one may be there,
The gems that others gave me, will shine within my hair
And even those that know me, will think my heart is light,
Though my heart will break tomorrow, I'll be all smiles tonight.

Chorus:

I'll be all smiles tonight, love, I'll be all smiles tonight,
Though my heart will break tomorrow. I'll be all Smiles tonight.

And when the room he entered the bride upon his arm,
I stood and gazed upon him, as if he were a charm,
So once he smiled upon her, so once he smiled on me,
They know not what I suffered, they found no change in me.

And when the dance commences, oh, how I will rejoice,
I'll sing the song he taught me, without one faltering voice,
When flatterers come around me, they will think my heart is light,
Tho my heart will break tomorrow, I'll be all smiles tonight.

And when the dance is over, and all have gone to rest,
I'll think of him, dear mother, the one that I love best,
He once did love me dearly, and ne'er would from me part,
He sought not to deceive me, false friends have changed his heart.

Rattler

Old Rattler was a good old dog, as blind as he could be
But every night at supper time. I believe that dog could see.

Chorus:
Here, Rattler here, here Rattler here,
Call old Rattler from the barn, here Rattler, here.

Old Rattler treed the other night, I thot he'd treed a coon
But when I'd come to find it out, He was barking at the moon.

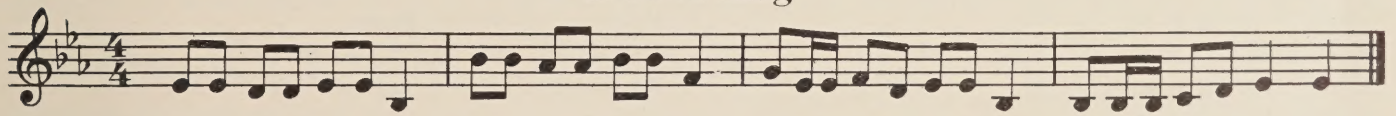
Grandad had a muley cow, she was muley when she was born,
It took a jaybird forty years to fly from horn to horn.

We had an old yellow hen, we set her as you know,
We set her on three buzzard eggs, she hatched out one old crow.

Climb those blue ridge mountains, They're forty-seven miles around,
I think I'll buy me a sager axe and cut those mountains down.

Now old Rattler's dead and gone, where the good dogs all do,
You'd better not act a dog yourself, or you'll be going there too.

Ground Hog



Blow your horn and call your dog
Blow your horn and call your dog

We'll go to the woods and catch a ground hog
Rang tang fiddle de day.

Come on boys, let's go down
We'll catch a whistle pig on this round.

Skin that whistle pig put him on to boil
Bet by the dickens you could smell him a mile.

Skin that whistle pig save his hide
Makes the best shoestring ever I tried.

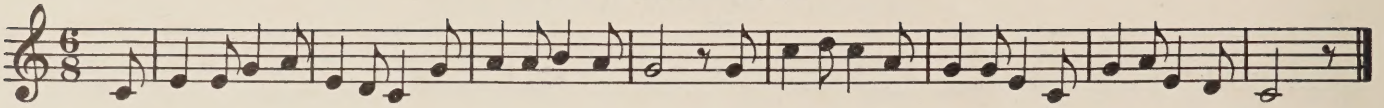
Two little whistle pigs in a pen
I'll take the hide off of one of them.

Up come Vester from the plow
I want some whistle pig, I want it now.

Up come Sal with a singger and a grin
Whistle pig grease all over her chin.

NOTE: Repeat first line of each verse.

The Blind Girl



They say dear father that tonight
You'll wed another bride
That you shall take her in your arms
Where my dear mother died.

They say her name is Mary, too,
The name my mother bore,
But father is she kind and true
Like the one you loved before?

And are her footsteps soft and low,
Her voice so sweet and mild
And father will she love me, too,
Your blind and helpless child.

Oh! father do not bid me come
To meet your new made bride,
I could not greet her in the room
Where my dear mother died.

Her picture hanging on the wall,
Her bible lying there,
And there's the harp her fingers touched,
And there's her vacant chair.

The chair wherby I used to kneel
To say my evening prayer,
Oh! father, do not bid me come,
I could not greet her there.

Now let me kneel down by your side
And to the Savior pray,
That God's right hand may lead you both
Over life's long weary way.

And when I've cried myself to sleep
As now I often do,
Into my chamber softly creep
My new made mama and you.

You bid her press a gentle kiss
Upon my throbbing brow,
Just as my own dear mama did,
Why—papa—you're crying now!

The prayer was murmured and she said,
I'm growing weary now,
He laid her gently on her bed
And kissed her snow white brow.

And as he turned to leave the room
One joyful cry was given,
He turned and caught the last sweet smile,
His blind child was in heaven.

I Wonder When I Shall Be Married

I wonder when I shall be married, be married, be married,
I wonder when I shall be married,
My beauty's beginning to fade.

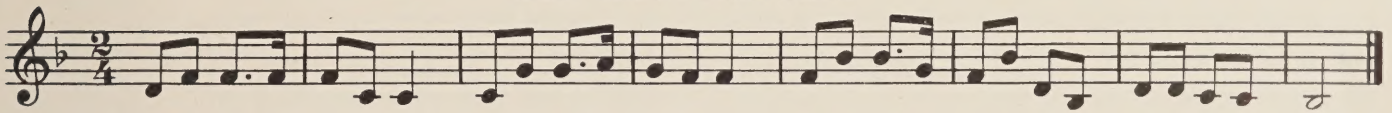
I fear that too long I have tarried, have tarried, have tarried,
I fear that too long I have tarried,
I fear I shall be an old maid.

My mother is anxious and worried, and worried, and worried,
My mother is anxious and worried,
She's two other daughters beside.

My shoes have gone to be mended, be mended, be mended,
My shoes have gone to be mended,
And my petticoat is to be dyed.

Oh, say, won't it be a great bargain, great bargain, great bargain,
Oh, say, won't it be a great bargain,
When someone gets married to me.

The Best Old Man



Where've you been, my good old man,

Where've you been my good old man

Where've you been my loving little husband

The best old man in the world?

Spoken—To town!
What'd you get my, my good old man?

Spoken—A dress.
What'd you pay for it my good old man?

Spoken—A nickel.
A nickel will break you my good old man.

What do you want for your supper my good old man?
Spoken—Eggs.

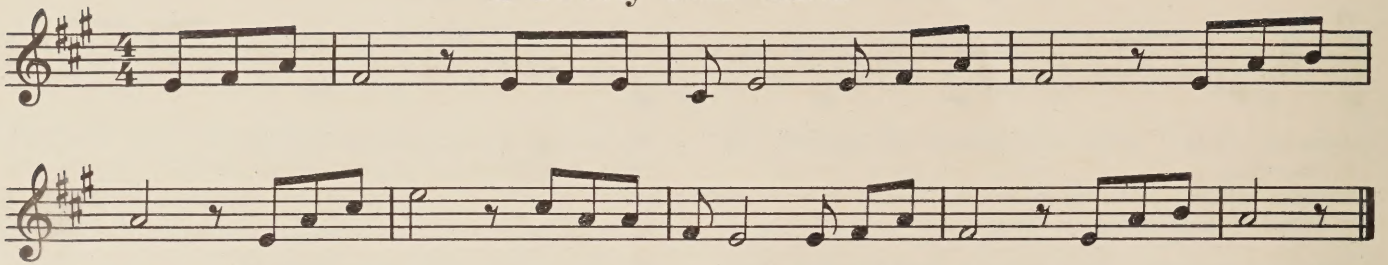
How many do you want, my good old man?
Spoken—A bushel.

A bushel will kill you my good old man.
Where do you want to be buried, my good old man?

Spoken—Behind the chimney corner.
Soot will black you my good old man.—etc.

NOTE: Repeat first line of each verse three times adding "My Loving Little Husband" on third line.

A Pretty Fair Maid



A pretty fair maid all in a garden,
A sailor boy came passing by;
He stepped aside and thus addressed her,
Saying, "Pretty fair maid, won't you be my bride?"

"I have a sweetheart on the ocean,
For seven long years, has been to sea;
And if he be gone for seven years longer,
No other man shall marry me."

"Perhaps your sweetheart he is drowned,
Or perhaps he's on some battlefield slain,
Or perhaps he's married to some fair, fine lady,
Perhaps he'll ne'er return again."

"O, if my sweetheart he is drowned,
Or if he's on some battlefield slain,
Or if he's married to some fair, fine lady,
I'll love the one that's married to him."

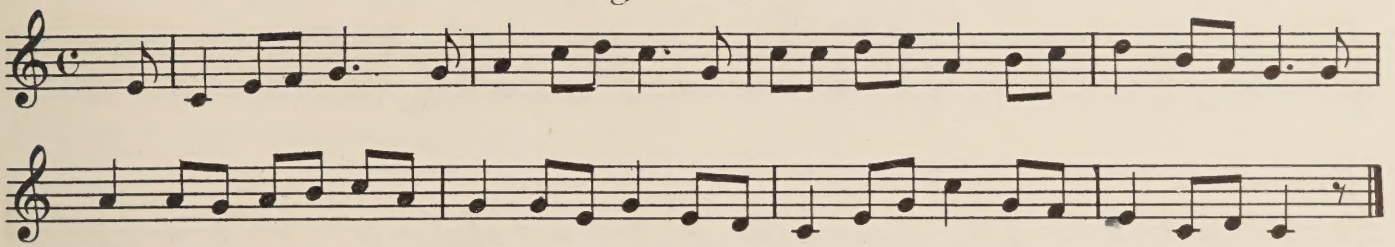
"But my sweetheart he is neither drowned,
Nor is he on some battlefield slain,
Nor is he married to some fair, fine lady,
For he is by my side again."

He put his hands into his pockets,
His fingers they were long and slim;
And unto her he drew a locket,
And at her feet his knees did bend.

She put her hands upon his shoulder,
And he her favor did implore;
I've come to claim you for my darling,
And I shall roam the seas no more.

As down the path they walked together,
His arm around her waist so trim;
He told to her a loving story,
The maiden gave her heart to him.

Dog and Gun



There was a young squire who lived o'er the way
He courted a rich lady so fair and so gay;
To marry this lady it was his intent,
Their friends and relatives all gave their consent.

The time was appointed the wedding to see
The squire chose a farmer his waiter to be
No sooner had the lady the waiter espied
He inflamed her true heart oh! my true heart she cried.

Instead of getting married she went to her bed
The thought of the farmer still ran thru her head
The thought of the farmer still ran thru her mind
And how to gain him she was quickly to find.

A coat, vest and pants did the lady put on
Away she went hunting with dog and with gun
She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell
Because in her true heart she loved him so wall.

Often she fired but nothing she killed
At length the young farmer came into the field
To talk with him there it became her intent
With her dog and her gun on to meet him she went.

I thought you'd have been to the wedding she cried,
To give to the squire his beautiful bride,
Oh, no, said the farmer the truth to you I'll tell
I couldn't give her to him 'cause I love her so well.

It pleased the young lady to see him so bold
She gave him her glove that was flowered with gold
Saying, take this I found it as I did come along
I found it while hunting with dog and with gun.

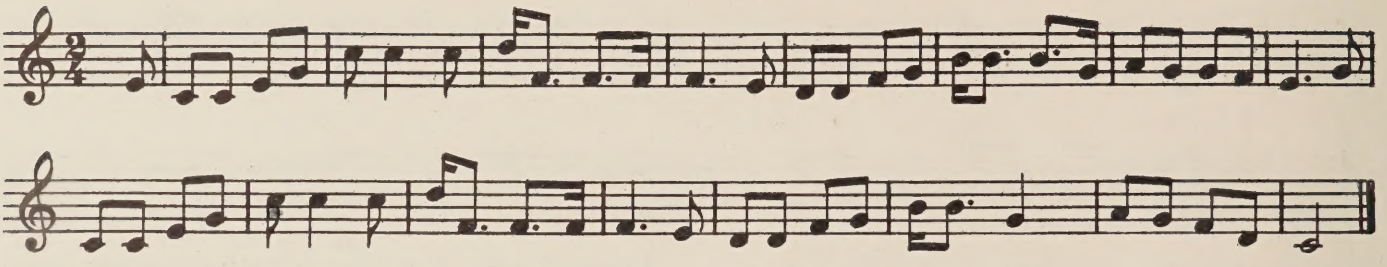
The lady went home with a heart full of love
And gave out the news that she had lost her glove
And the one that will find it and bring it to me
The one that will find it his bride I will be.

It pleased the young farmer to hear of the news
Straightway with the glove to the lady he goes,
Saying, here honored lady, I have just found your glove
Will you be so kind as to grant me your love.

My love it is granted the lady replied
I love the sweet breath of the farmer, she cried
I'll be mistress of dairy and milking of cow,
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plow.

And when they were married she told of the fun
How she courted the farmer with dog and with gun
And now that I have him so close in my snare
I'll love him forever, and vow I don't care.

When the Work's all Done this Fall



A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,
Said one I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen please,
I am an old cowpuncher, and here I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one, and go on great big jags.

But I've got a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I have not seen it, since a long, long time ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm going to see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

After the round up's over, and after the shipping's done,
I'm going home, boys, ere my money is gone,
For I have changed my ways boys, no more the tempter calls,
And I'm going to see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

When I left my home boys, my mother for me cried,
Begged me not to go, boys, for me she would have died,
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me that's all,
And with God's help I'll see her, when the work's all done this fall.

That very night this cowboy, went out to stand his guard,
The night was dark and cloudy, and storming very hard.
The cattle they got frightened, and rushed in wild stampede,
The cowboy tried to head them, while riding at full speed.

While riding in the darkness, so loudly he did shout,
Trying his best to head them, and turn the herd about,
His saddle horse did stumble, and on him he did fall,
The boy won't see his mother, when the work's all done this fall.

His body was so mangled, the boys all thought him dead,
They picked him up so gently and laid him on a bed,
He opened wide his blue eyes, and looking all around
He motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.

When the Work's All Done This Fall (continued)

Boys, send my mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
For I am afraid, boys, that my last steer I've turned,
I'm going to a new range, I hear my master's call,
And I'll not see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

Bill you take my saddle, George you take my bed,
Jack may have my pistol, after I am dead,
And please think of me kindly, when you look upon them all,
For I'll not see my mother, when the work's all done this fall.

So Charlie was buried at sunrise, no tombstone for his head,
Nothing but a little board and this is what it said,
"Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,
The boy won't see his mother, when the work's all done this fall."

And So You Have Come Back to Me

And so you have come back to me
The old, old love is living yet,
You've tried them all these weary years,
You've tried so vainly to forget.

And so you have come back to me
Since time at last has set you free,
And offered me again the heart
Whose earliest hopes were bound in me.

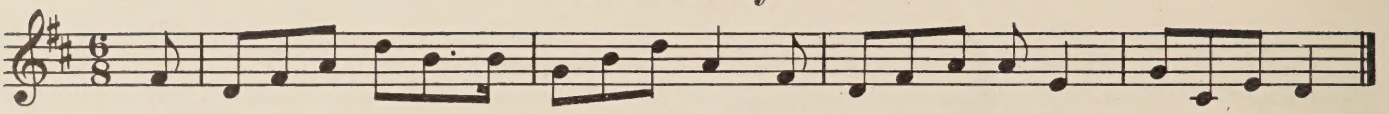
Come close and let me see your face
Your chestnut hair is touched with snow
And yet it is the same dear face,
I loved so fondly years ago.

The same that in the summer night
Bent low and kissed my tender brow,
Oh, happy hour of hope and trust,
Alas, it is all over now.

Forgive, I cannot speak the word
I never meant to do you wrong,
God sent this anguish to my heart,
To teach me to be brave and strong.

A woman's ways, a woman's tongue
Has sent this anguish to my breast,
My heart is dead forever more,
No sound can 'ere disturb its rest.

Old Smoky



On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover, by sparking too slow.

Sparking is pleasure, parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief can but rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will take you to your grave.

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
There ain't one girl out of twenty, that a poor boy can trust.

They will tell you they love you, to give your heart ease,
But as soon as your back's turned, they'll court whom they please.

It's a-raining it's a-hailing, the moon gives no light
Your horses can't travel this dark lonesome night.

Go put up your horses and feed them some hay
Come sit you down by me as long as you stay.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So farewell my little darling, I'll speed on my way.

I will drive on to Georgia and write you my mind
My mind is to marry, and leave you behind.

Your parents is against me, mine is the same,
If I'm down on your book, love, please rub off my name.

I go up on old Smokey, on the mountain so high
Where the wild birds and the turtle doves, can hear my sad cries.

As soon as the dew drops, grow on the green lawn
Last night she was with me, tonight she is gone.

I can love little, or I can love long,
I can love an old sweetheart, 'Till a new one comes on.

I can hug I can kiss them, and prove to them kind,
I can turn my back upon them, and also my mind.

IN CONCLUSION

The mountain ballads Mr. Kincaid sings were not written for commercial purposes. The music and words burst forth from the hardy, mountain people at a time when they are happy and contented in their homes and at peace with God and the world. These songs were compiled and arranged because of the many requests from listeners all over the United States.

Mr. Kincaid came to WLS station a few years ago, after having lived with his people for many years in the heart of the Kentucky mountains. At once, his songs were accepted by the radio public and the demand was so great for copies of them that the first book was published about a year ago. Since that time, this listening audience has demanded his appearance in hundreds of public gatherings and theaters throughout the Central West and his services are still available and being called for along this line.

Also, there was a demand for the reproduction of the music and song, so that Mr. Kincaid, through the solicitation of one of the large recording companies, has made numerous phonograph records. On application, we will be glad to furnish you with a complete list of these songs and the manufacturer's name.

I have been very fortunate in being in close personal contact with Mr. Kincaid during the past few months and have come to love and admire him as all do, who have the privilege of really knowing him.

He is most sincere in his work and brings you these mountain ballads that you may better understand and appreciate the homely pathos and inborn simplicity of our Southern mountaineers.

C. G. GILBERT,

WLS Business Manager.

The Old Kentucky Mill